

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for July 1, 1894

MOONLIGHT	PAUL VERLAINE
TRANSLATED BY GERTRUDE HALL	
PAUL VERLAINE	ANATOLE FRANCE
TRANSLATED BY M. G. M.	
PORTRAIT OF PAUL VERLAINE	
THE ROSARY	DESIGNED BY EUGENE GRASSET
THE DREAM OF A KISS	PERCIVAL POLLARD
TRILBY	ALICE BROWN
NOTES	
BOOKS RECEIVED	
ANNOUNCEMENTS	

PRICE 5 CENTS

\$1.00 A YEAR

Published by
Stone & Kimball
Chicago & Cambridge

COPELAND AND DAY'S NEW BOOKS

- CARMAN (BLISS) AND RICHARD HOVEY. SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA.** Octavo, \$1.00. In the press.
- CRANE (WALTER). A SERIES OF EIGHT DESIGNS ILLUSTRATING SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST.** Printed on Japanese silk paper, mounted on cardboard and issued in a portfolio, each set signed by Mr. Crane. Two hundred copies only are made for America. Quarto, \$6.00.
- DAVIDSON (JOHN). A RANDOM ITINERARY WITH A BAL-LAD.** A volume of essays, with frontispiece and title-page designed by Lawrence Housman. Octavo, \$1.50.
- GARNETT (RICHARD, LL. D.). A VOLUME OF POEMS.** Issued with a title and half-title by Illingsworth Kay. Octavo, \$1.50.
- HINKSON (KATHERINE TYNAN). CUCKOO SONGS.** With title-page and cover designed by Lawrence Housman. Octavo, \$1.50.
- LE GALLIENNE (RICHARD). ENGLISH POEMS.** Third edition. Octavo, \$1.50.
- ROSSETTI (DANTE GABRIEL). THE HOUSE OF LIFE : BEING NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME GIVEN IN ITS FULL TEXT.** With three ornamental borders and one hundred and fourteen initial letters designed by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. Issued in an edition of five hundred copies on hand-made P. L. B. paper, square octavo, bound in limp Japanese silk paper boards, \$2.50; and fifty copies on thick hand-made Michallet paper, with rubricated initials, advanced to \$10.00.
- TABB (JOHN B.). POEMS.** With cover and ornaments designed by George Edward Barton. Square duodecimo, cloth and gold, \$1.00. In the press.
- THOMPSON (FRANCIS). POEMS.** With frontispiece and title-page on Japanese paper, designed by Lawrence Housman. Small quarto, \$1.50.
- WILDE (OSCAR). SALOME : A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.** Newly translated from Mr. Wilde's French version recently issued in Paris. The English edition will present for the first time a cover and ten full-page illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley. But two hundred copies are issued for America. Small quarto, \$3.75.
- THE YELLOW BOOK—AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY.** Contains 260 pages or over and is bound in yellow limp cloth with design by Aubrey Beardsley. The pictures will in no case serve as illustrations to the letter-press, but each will stand by itself as an independent contribution. Price, \$6.00 per year, \$1.50 single number.

COPELAND AND DAY, 69 Cornhill, Boston.

THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 4

JULY 1ST

MOONLIGHT

YOUR soul is as a moonlit landscape fair
Peopled with maskers delicate and dim,
That play on lutes and dance and have an air
Of being sad in their fantastic trim.

The while they celebrate in minor strain
Triumphant love, effective enterprise,
They have an air of knowing all is vain —
And through the quiet moonlight their songs rise.

The melancholy moonlight, sweet and lone,
That makes to dream the birds upon the tree
And in their polished basins of white stone
The fountains tall to sob with ecstasy.

From the French of PAUL VERLAINE
by GERTRUDE HALL.



PAUL VERLAINE

A PROPOS OF HIS BOOK, "MY HOSPITALS."



IN this thin little book of about seventy pages the poet relates, with evident sincerity, his hospital remembrances. It is well known that for seven or eight years Verlaine has frequented various Paris hospitals. He is not, however, either a Hégésippe Moreau, a Gilbert, or a Malfilâtre. He does not belong to the family of consumptive poets. To speak of what he calls "My Hospitals," it was not necessary to assume a lugubrious tone, and to

sigh: "Alas! the pen falls from my hand. Poor Gilbert, how you must have suffered!"

"Poor Lelian" doubtless had his share of suffering. But he has little resemblance to a young poet stricken with consumption. He is full of strength, of spirit, and of vices. He is a singularly robust old vagabond. When he wanders at night through the streets, his foot, stiffened by former rheumatism, sounds on the pavement like a bronze foot.

And it is with this leg that, strong, proud, and his head high, he goes, when he pleases, in his own time, to the hospital. "Incomplete ankylosis of the left knee, consequent on a rheumatic arthritis." You see that it is not at all Gilbert, Malfilâtre, or Moreau. It is, rather, Diogenes. And Verlaine, if he lived in Corinth, would roll his tub in the evening near the myrtle trees, to sleep in sight of the stars. But living among us, in a cold and rainy climate, among industrious and prudent people, he finds and takes quite naturally, instead of an old tub thrown down in the street of Corinth where courtesans were passing, a hospital bed in some quiet quarter of Paris. And this without shame, with no fear of a social descent, without feeling himself in the least degraded. Indeed, Paul Verlaine, who is of a good middle-class family and son of a captain of engineers, never had in any degree bourgeois feelings or class instincts. And, to speak plainly, he has always had a very confused idea of social life. Men do not seem to him allied to himself by ties of rights, duties and interests. He sees them pass like marionettes or Chinese shadow pictures. We are quite amusing to him. He looks on at social life as a good Turk, a little under the influence of his pipe, looks on at a representation of Karaguenz. The good Turk laughs at its obscenities, falls asleep while the beatings are going on, and on awaking makes comments on the piece, sometimes incongruous, sometimes sublime. And if anyone should say to him: My friend, you are yourself a marionette like those which you have just seen; in your turn you must act in the piece the part of the pacha or

the camel-driver, how the good Turk would laugh! But you must not insist too long, or he will break his pipe over your head. And that would be a bad business. Paul Verlaine is like this good Turk. He does not think he belongs to the play which we act in society. He is a spectator at once *naïf* and full of insight. He is a superb and magnificent savage.

What injury do his visits to the hospital do him?

His glory accompanies him there. At St. Antoine, Dr. Tapret prescribes as his first remedy pens, paper, ink and books. His room is known as the Decadents' room. He is visited there by the most brilliant spirits. Maurice Barrès regrets not being able to pass every Sunday at his bedside. Enthusiastic young men come to this numbered bed to salute their master. Painters make studies and sketches of him at will. Cazal shows him to us, in a cotton nightcap, standing at the clear, high window. Amand-Jean represents him sitting on his bed, enveloped in the regulation blouse which art has transformed into a doctoral and magic robe. Journalists besiege him. They question him about decadents and symbolists. We have it from Verlaine himself that a reporter asked him one day this unexpected question:

"M. Verlaine, what is your opinion about women of the world?"

This is glory. But when Paul Verlaine says that it is not happiness, it is not difficult to believe him. Certain persons having maintained with some flippancy that his lot was an enviable one, the poet replied without too much self-pity (he is not elegiac) that they must think him content with very little.

"Then indeed," said he, "they think me very lucky, to drag out in this way my mature years, saluted, loved, if I may say so, by all the young men of letters, amid the insipid odours of iodoform and phenol, amid unnatural intellectual associations, amid the somewhat slighting indulgence of doctors and students,—in fact, all the horrors of a bedridden poverty ill-sheltered at its last extremity."

And one cannot deny that there is in this complaint, if complaint it be, a proper pride, a perfect moderation, a just sense of things, much finesse, and that blunt reasoning which one finds sometimes, with astonishment, in the fools of genius.

One must indeed leave behind light-hearted gaiety and easy laughter, even when one is a poet, on crossing the threshold of a hospital. The entrance is sometimes gloomy. I need only mention the reception of "poor Lelian" at the Hospital Labrousse one day when poverty and illness had brought him there. Only one bed was vacant, but that was a famous one. Within the memory of the patients no one had ever been seen to rise from it. Whoever lay there died.

"Such a fatal privilege," says Verlaine, "must necessarily surround this too hospitable couch with a certain respectful consideration, not unmingled with superstition. In one word, as well as in a hundred, it is not to be coveted."

And the poet adds: "As for me, I had no choice. It was to take or to leave. On the one hand, I was almost tempted to leave it; on the other, I escaped a worse shelter by taking it, and I took it.

"My predecessor was there when I entered the room. Neither handsome, nor ugly, nor, to say truly, anything. A long and narrow form wrapped in a sheet with a knot under the chin and no cross on the breast. A litter, familiarly called the domino box, covered with an awning of doubtful color, like a mattress cover, was brought, the 'packet' was laid in it, and off for the amphitheatre! A few moments later and I was installed in his bed, in his bed still—cold."

And yet Verlaine's souvenirs of his hospitals are not wholly unpleasant. At first they were a refuge from poverty; at last he really enjoyed "the absolute security of these sorrowful places." He willingly gave up a liberty which he had sometimes misused, and accommodated himself without

trouble to the regulations, because, as he says in the quatrain which he wrote to be put under his portrait,

"La misère et le mauvais œil,
Soit dit sans le calomnier,
Ont fait à ce monstre d'orgueil
Une âme de vieux prisonnier."

It was at the hospital that he wrote his verses; he could work only there; his poetic and bizarre imagination made of the great room, cold and bare, a place of enchantment. One night he discovered there the magic of a Thessalian moonlight. Imagination is the great remedy for the ills of this world. And here is Verlaine, thinking of these long, sad, dull hospital hours, and asking himself,—he, the old indefatigable, terrible vagabond,—if he will not say some day: "Those were the good days." Do not mistake; what seemed best to him in this existence was the conventual air which its rules and its poverty give it. He has said: "One grows accustomed to this, as to the monastic life, without, alas! prayers and rules followed for their own sake."

I said just now that Paul Verlaine was a cynic. I might as well have said: He is a mystic. There is no great distance from one to the other. The resemblance between philosophers like Antisthenes and Diogenes and the mendicant friars of Christian Italy has struck even those who wished not to see it. Cynic and mystic, Paul Verlaine is of those whose kingdom is not of this world; he belongs to the great family of lovers of poverty. St. Francis would have recognised him, you may be sure, as one of his spiritual sons, and perhaps would have made him his favorite disciple. And who knows if Paul Verlaine, in sackcloth, would not have become a great saint, as among us he has become a great poet. Without doubt at first he would have caused his master some anxiety. Sometimes in the evening he would have escaped from the holy Portiuncula. But good St. Francis would have gone to seek him in even the worst

parts of Siena, and would have brought him back repentant to the house of poverty.

There is something almost saintlike in a simple phrase which Paul Verlaine uttered one day before some visitors whom he was receiving at the hospital. "Talk," he said to them; "I am at home." Then, turning towards the poor invalids stretched on their sick beds: "We are at home," he added.

In this bad fellow you find very soon the primitive, natural man, and in his stories, sometimes very idle and strangely disturbing, a certain scene reminds one by its pious simplicity of some old legend. And in this he is without affectation. For good as for evil, he is wholly different from us. He has faith and he is simple. At St. Antoine, where he stayed three months with rheumatism of the wrist, he had as a neighbour a soldier of the African battalions. And the poet said to us:

"What a terrible man! all mustaches and believing neither in God nor the devil. I reasoned with him from time to time that there must be someone above cleverer than we, and that he was wrong not to believe in Him and to trust in Him."

This little discourse is entirely in the style of the old and good hagiography. To make a perfect legend of it, one would have to add very little, next to nothing: a miracle, followed by the conversion of the fierce soldier, of the nurses and of the manager of the hospital.

Vicious and *naïf*, he is always true; in the inimitable accent of truth lies the charm of this little book, "My Hospitals." It is written with an absurd and ridiculous syntax, and yet with a marvellous music which cuts one to the heart.

From the French of ANATOLE FRANCE by M. G. M.

THE ROSARY



DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW
BY EUGENE GRASSET
REPRODUCED FROM "LA PLUME"

THE DREAM OF A KISS

"It was really a most beautiful dream!" he said suddenly.

His wife had just handed him a slice of buttered toast. Dreams had not been mentioned in even the vaguest way, but in the quick ecstasy in his face as he looked at her there was something that seemed to speak for an answer to a question she had not quite worded.

"Ah," she replied, smiling at him so that he wondered if her lips or her eyes were fuller of expression, "if it was so beautiful, you will tell it to me, will you not?"

He hesitated, looking out into the dewy morning. "To be perfect," he said, "a dream should remain nothing but a dream. Only a poet—"

"But you," she put in, "are better than a poet. You dream."

If Cecil Fenmyske had ever thought of boasting in connection with himself, he could hardly have claimed eminence in any quality except perfect uselessness. Everything he was, everything he did, was absolutely, hopelessly useless. The thing that raised him above the army of the great unfit was the fact that he was distinctly aware of his uselessness and made light of it. He dreamed the most fascinating of dreams, fully aware that he was presently to wreck the airy castle with a bolt of realizing ridicule. He spun poesies, but he always ended by disbelieving them. He shattered his own idols and—built new ones out of the ruins. The dead man's shoes he walked in were golden, so his uselessness was not the sin it might have been in a less fortunate man. Only one of his dreams had ever come true; she was sitting opposite him now, the morning sun laughing in her eyes and shining on her lips.

"I will tell you the dream," he said.

This Girl was very beautiful. She was slight and straight, and her fairness was as that of a flower in its youth. When

she entered a room, Spring came with her and blew kisses afloat on all the air. Her moods were like the radiances of an opal. When her eyes held sadness, all who saw her longed to kiss her cares away; when she was all laughter, many grieved because they remembered that some day she must die.

It was a little strange, perhaps, when one and all loved her, that he who loved her the most fiercely should have already vowed to love and cherish another. It was one of those cruelties that Fate deals in so lavishly. This other woman, his wife, was no longer young, nor beautiful, nor fascinating, and when he looked at the Girl he wondered whether a marriage contract was really valid in the face of an enchantment like that. He was handsome, was this man, and in the fierceness of his passion the Girl saw something fascinating even while she trembled at it. Parenthetically, she never really loved him. Several times, when his voice and his fascination were very near, she really believed that she did; but when the spell broke she shuddered. The rabbit does not love the serpent.

If ever she fancied that she loved this man it was in moments when the sadness in her life (of which there was more than enough) crowded together in her and cried out bitterly, so that even the thought of flight with him afforded her a sort of relief.

As for the other men, she was so sweet to them all, that not one ever knew himself to have any hope for his hope. Though she was so young, it may be that an early romance had deadened her heart a little, leaving her, as now she seemed to be, equable in graciousness to the one as to the other. Certainly there was not one who flattered himself with the possibility of her love becoming his.

But when a certain sort of boy loves a girl he conceives himself as worse than a coward unless he tells her of it. So it came, one day, that the Girl found herself listening to the broken pleadings of a boy,—a boy who was a better man

than most men, because of his love. He was telling her, because it had become clear to him, a year before, that he loved as the moon loves the sea, as the stars the sky, as the Arab his horse.

Outside there was a patter of rain, and a shining sea glistening under the lamps. The clock, over the mantelpiece, ticked its monotone in maddening persistence. The Boy was looking up into the Girl's face longingly; he was wondering, even while he instinctively despaired, whether the miracle might not happen, after all.

When her answer came it filled him with nothing so much as with a regret that she had found no different phrase.

"Oh, why," she said, "why must it come to that? I had hoped we might — always — be such — good friends!"

He tried to take her hand, but she got up hastily and went to the window, moaning a little.

At that moment a gentle tapping came upon the window-pane from without, and the Girl started back, paling swiftly, and swinging her eyes back towards the clock, as if some forgotten thing had just made its hour known to her.

She stepped further into the room, toward the Boy, who was now standing, wondering what was going to happen. She put her hand on his gently, and said quickly, "Will you help me? Will you? I hate him, oh, how I hate him! But I promised, yes, I promised. You will help me?"

He divined that, before all else, she longed for his responsive acquiescence. But a sudden madness came over him, whence, he knew not, and he answered, putting his other hand over hers so that it was clasped in both of his, "Yes, I will help you. But — you must kiss me — once. Perhaps — it is for the last time."

She put her white face up silently, so that, the rose light of the lamp falling over it, it looked like the face of a haloed angel. Their lips met, and in the instant that followed the meeting his arms were around her and she was clinging to him. Something had waked within her eyes, and a conscious-

ness of sudden victory had filled him with unexpected vibration of gladness. They stood thus for a few moments, each fearing to lose the Love that had been found. She trembled a little, because she was full of wonderment for herself.

At the window there was a crash and the man who, though he was married, loved this girl so fiercely, leaped into the room.

"It's time"—he began, before the story his eyes saw had time to arrest the flow of his intentions. Then he continued, "What do you mean by this. What's that—cub doing here?"

His eyes were fastened on hers like a serpent's glare. But where once she had trembled and, however unwillingly, come to him, now she looked up into the Boy's face and whispered to him, "I was going to elope with him." Shame shone red upon her cheeks. "But now"—She clung closer to him.

The man began advancing toward them, his eyes glowing with a green hate.

For an instant the Boy felt a fierce impulse to start forward and take the other by the throat. But the Girl clung to him so that he felt he could not leave her.

The man's face was now close to theirs; his right arm began to stretch forth towards the Girl's hand, when—the Boy, smiling suddenly, turned towards the Girl, and before the other's very eyes, kissed her full upon the lips.

She saw his kiss coming and leaned to meet it. As their lips met, their eyes closed. Perhaps it was a momentary fear of a blow that would strike them both, perhaps it was the fulness of ecstasy.

In the sigh with which their lips parted, there was the voice of satisfied love. And when their eyes together turned toward the man, he was not there.

They stood, wondering. The fear of him was yet trembling in them.

The window-curtain was undisturbed. There was no broken glass. All was quiet, save their hearts.

"Did you not see—?" began the Boy.

"I saw nothing," said the Girl, laughing, "nothing—only you."

"That other man—I was to help you—to help you from eloping—"

The Boy stopped bewildered.

"What other man? I know nothing of any man. There is only—you."

The boy shook his head a little, and then returned to find her love upon her lips.

Had all that terrible past been a hallucination? Was it all something that had never been?

Or was it something that a kiss had killed?

For one kiss is oblivion to all the past.

"And then," he said, "I awoke."

His wife smiled. "But that was a very impossible dream! Surely there are only happenings in dreams, no reflections, no explanations."

"To dream of impossible things impossibly, is the only dreaming that is worth while. The possible can occur to everyone."

"And do you think they were married?"

"I hope not," he said, "they were so happy when I awoke."

And he went on eating buttered toast. For in his own marriage there was so much happiness that he knew there was none anywhere else.

PERCIVAL POLLARD.



TRILBY

O LIVING image of eternal youth!
Wrought with such large simplicity of truth,
That now the pattern's made, and on the shelf,
Each swears he might have cut it for himself!
Nor marvels that we sang of empty days,
Of rank-grown laurel, and unpruned bays,
While yet, in all this lonely Crusoe Land,
The Trilby footprint had not touched the sand.
Here's a new carelessness of Titan play!
Here's Ariel's witchery, to lead the way
In such sweet artifice of dainty wit
That men shall die with imitating it.
Now every man's old grief turns in its bed,
And bleeds a drop or two, divinely red.
Fair baby joys do rouse them one by one,
Dancing a lightsome round, though love be done;
And Memory takes off her frontlet dim,
To bind a bit of tinsel round the rim.
Dreams come to life, and faint foreshadowings
Flutter anear us, on reluctant wings.
But not one pang — nay, though 'twere gall of bliss —
And not one such awakening would we miss.
O comrades! here's true stuff, ours to adore,
And swear we'll carve our cherry-stones no more.

ALICE BROWN.



NOTES

SOME few years ago when Mr. Gladstone infected the reading public with "Robert Elsmere," the affliction became so prevalent that the signs of it were in every drawing room. After the first greetings, and exchanges on the weather, the solicitous enquiry, "Have you read 'Robert Elsmere'?" was sure to follow. Then, as the ailment spread, it became only

necessary to hint to your hostess or visitor, "Have you?" and the mutual commiserations followed. Unfortunately that delightful brevity serves no longer. The maladies are too many. Whether you are suffering from "Dodo," or "The Yellow Aster," or "Ships that Pass in the Night," or "Marcella," or "The Heavenly Twins"—how is one to tell? And which of these new sicknesses is the most virulent, it would be hard to say. For myself, I have so far escaped them all. I have never had "Robert Elsmere," nor even been threatened with "David Grieve"; though I must confess that my florid imagination came near falling a prey to "The Yellow Aster" and "Ships that Pass in the Night," merely through the contagion of their admirable names. Indeed I tried to succumb myself (if I may be allowed the phrase) to the shadowy power of "Ships that Pass in the Night." Out of the merest bravado I exposed myself to its influence for several hours, but the only result was a drowsy sensation accompanied by extreme lassitude and a desire to yawn. I concluded that the name of this creation was the most salient thing about it. I am not quite sure that I shall be able to avoid "The Yellow Aster." There is a fascination in the name hard to escape. Perhaps my constitution is too primitive, too robustly nurtured on old-fashioned Scott; perhaps I am too confirmed in the Kipling habit of one-story-at-a-breath, or my ear sings with the intoxication of "The Merry Men"; or I have been too successfully inoculated with the deathless wonder of romance, the spirit of all the marvelous story-tellers from Moses to Parkman. Anyhow, the pale virus of the novel with a purpose nearly always fails to work in my case.

I am sorry for my afflicted fellows, I can almost condole with them, for I have my own terrors, weaknesses more deadly than the grippe, which are sure to lay me low. I cannot even see a case of Stevenson without contracting a fresh attack, while a hint of Gilbert Parker in the air is more inescapable than hay-fever.

The perfect paragrapher is the man who can write one sentence without having to write another. I fear I have done Mr.

Benson an injustice in including "Dodo" among novels with a purpose. He should be acquitted of that odious imputation.

In "The Trespasser," Mr. Gilbert Parker has given us not only his best novel, but one of the best stories of the year. So, I think, it must prove. Mr. Parker is a leader in the new romantic movement in fiction. Like Mr. Kipling and Mr. Weyman, he is in love with the bravery of life and the wonderful richness of the world. The glamor of poetry has not passed from earth for these men; they are still adventurers and dreamers, with an unflinching zest for the marvelous drama of men and women. The tame doings of uneventful lives seem hardly worth relating, and there is no interest in recording their monotonous small talk. These tale-tellers, these revivers of the genuine story-telling, have set their face against the passing fashion of realism; and there are many readers who welcome them as a godsend. After the dreary wastes of all our unimaginative preachers, with their "ethical purpose in art," their "realism," their "veritism," their "naturalism," and Heaven knows what clap-trap beside, a good round wholesome lie, a splendid unbelievable fabric of events that never happened and hardly could happen, is as refreshing as a sea-wind through city streets in summer time.

Speaking of literary centres:

When Eugene Field was giving readings in Boston a year ago, a reporter went to interview him. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Field referred to some of his books, and incidentally to his "Echoes from the Sabine Farm."

"Tell me, Mr. Field," interrupted the reporter, "why do you call that the Sabine Farm? What is the significance? It has a New England flavor—that 'Sabine Farm.'"

I have a suspicion that Olive Schreiner will have a novel ready for publication before long. It will be remembered how the buzz of eager expectation which Olive Schreiner's

advent in London last summer gave rise to, died out in chagrin and vexatious disappointment as the oft-heralded new novel which she was said to have been busily engaged on for a long time, turned out to be a collection of allegories on the same scale as "Dreams." Now I have it on good authority that she was working on a novel prior to her appearance in London, and that "Dream Life and Real Life" was not the book which she visited England to publish. I am morally certain that there is a novel in the background somewhere, but for what reason its announcement has been withheld I can't say. Perhaps, the dark (not dusky) South African bride hesitated to disturb the happiness of a honeymoon by calling forth the criticism a book of hers is sure to have.

Miss Schreiner belies the impression which her work is apt to convey. Whatever her inward struggles have been (for her books certainly show that she has a passionate nature), she is outwardly agreeable, bright, communicative, chatty, and will tell a yarn with the same grace which makes her listen to one. "On the whole, life has been to me a pleasant experience," she says; "I have had very little to complain of."

In reading a life of Hogarth recently, I came across the following, which is *great*, according to my mind:

"No wonder that science and learning profound,
In Oxford and Cambridge, so greatly abound,
When so many take thither a little each day,
And we see very few who bring any away."

There is something positively immoral in the publication of so badly made a volume as Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book." If the setters-forth knew no better, it would be different; but that the publishers of the first magazine in the land and the printers to the Grolier Club should combine to produce a three hundred page book which weighs a pound and a half, is surely a sign of decadence. For purposes of education, I would suggest that the manufacturers study some recent Eng-

lish books,—the Tudor Translations, for instance. They may learn things about book-making.

I think Mr. Quiller-Couch is right about "Esther Waters," it is the greatest novel England has produced since "Tess." Mr. George Moore may well congratulate himself, for his work is one to be proud of. It is not a pleasant story: it is really not a nice story, but it is great. I mean great in the sense that Zola's work is great—a conscientious study of low and oftentimes disgusting life. That Mr. Moore is conscientious in "Esther Waters" I think no one can deny. Working under the influences of Balzac and along the lines of Zola and Verga, he has written a powerful story and, notwithstanding its naturalism and the disapproval of English news-dealers, it is very moral. That's the strange thing, nowadays. The self-constituted judges of the world's morality always pick out for their condemnation the most moral things. One remembers how they talked about "Ghosts" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and now—it is "Esther Waters."



BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA: Being the History of Three Months in the Life of an English Gentleman by Anthony Hope. Henry Holt & Co. Sm. 16mo. 75 cents.

A SUBURBAN PASTORAL AND OTHER TALES by Henry A. Beers. Henry Holt & Co. Sm. 16mo. 75 cents.

CRAZY BOOK-COLLECTING OR BIBLIOMANIA, showing the great folly of collecting rare and curious books, first editions, unique and large-paper copies, in costly bindings, etc., by Bollioud-Mermet, Secretary to the Academy of Lyons, first published anonymously in 1761, and now done into English and republished for the perusal and delectation of the members of the Grolier Club of New York *et amicorum*. Duprat & Co. 8vo.

THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

STONE & KIMBALL

BRATTLE SQUARE: CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Entered at the Boston Post Office as Second Class Matter

THE YELLOW BOOK: an Illustrated Quarterly. Vol. 1.
April, 1894. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

SALOME: A Tragedy in one act: Translated from the French
of Oscar Wilde: Pictured by Aubrey Beardsley. Cope-
land & Day. Sq. 8vo. \$3.75. Only two hundred copies
printed for America.

POEMS. By Francis Thompson. Third Edition. Copeland
& Day. Sq. 8vo. \$1.50.

INTENTIONS by Oscar Wilde: "The Decay of Lying," "Pen,
Pencil and Poison," "The Critic as Artist." "The Truth
of Masks." New edition. Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo.
\$1.50.



*THE Publishers can no longer supply copies of The Chap
Book numbers I and II except with yearly subscriptions.*

*The next number of The Chap-Book will contain contributions
by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, BLISS CARMAN,
PERCIVAL POLLARD, and others.*

THE
LITERARY WORLD
A Fortnightly Journal of Literature

Devoted Especially to Reviews of New
Books.

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

Terms, \$2.00 per Year, Postpaid.

E. H. HAMES & CO., Publishers
1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

I have always considered the LITERARY WORLD of *special* value to a busy man of my profession, selecting for him in advance the wheat from the chaff. The art of printing is now so common that an unusual amount of the latter is always in circulation. Yours truly,

Savannah, Ga., April 30, 1893. W. DUNCAN (M. D.).

Allow me to again express my sense of the admirable qualities of the LITERARY WORLD, particularly its fairness, its excellent discrimination, and its value as an example of good English.

(PROF.) GEO. HUNTINGTON.

Northfield, Minn., Jan. 1, 1893.

I have a full set of the LITERARY WORLD, and value it greatly.

DAVID J. HILL

(President of Rochester University).

Rochester, N. Y., May 8, 1893.

THE LITERARY WEEKLY

Deals fully and adequately with the various and interesting movements in Current Journalism, Literature and Art. If you want to read the witty, candid, bright and unconventional opinions of the best writers of the day on all the complex aspects of our contemporary literary, artistic and journalistic world, you cannot afford to leave *THE LITERARY WEEKLY* out of your reading list. *THE LITERARY WEEKLY* is a paper for the office, the home and the club.

It is always piquant, liberal, catholic and progressively hospitable to men and new ideas, but its policy will never admit anything to its columns which could offend against the canons of morality, good manners and good taste. But good taste does not mean any literary or artistic or journalistic orthodoxy, or heterodoxy, and *THE LITERARY WEEKLY* gives a fair field to all shades of opinion to men and women in every field of intellectual and moral endeavor, and will never become the organ of any clique.

Among the men and women well known in journalism and literature who will contribute to *THE LITERARY WEEKLY* are:

Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, Poet.
 EDWARD W. BOK, Editor, *Ladies' Home Journal*.
 B. O. FLOWER, Editor of the *Arena*.
 JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, Editor of the *Pilot*.
 FRANCIS A. NICHOLS, Literary Editor, *Boston Globe*.
 JAMES W. CLARKE, Editor, *New York Recorder*.
 THOMAS C. QUINN, Editor *Donahoe's Magazine*.
 WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE, the author of the "In a Corner at Dodsley's" papers.
 JULIUS CHAMBERS, Managing Editor, *New York Recorder*.
 STUART STERNE, Poet.
 FRANK C. STANTON, *Atlanta Constitution*.
 W. D. McCrackan, Author.
 Mrs. EDMUND NASH MORGAN, Essayist.
 ELIOT LORD, Editor, *Boston Traveller*.
 HENRY O'MEARA, Poet and Journalist.
 KATHERINE E. CONWAY, Assistant Editor of the *Pilot*.
 SAM WALTER FOSS, Poet.
 STANLEY WATERLOO, Author.
 OPIE READ, Author.
 ELIZA D. KEITH (Di Vernon.) Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, and others.

Sample copy free of charge.

The Literary Weekly, 105 Summer St., Boston

THE ART STUDENT

Edited by ERNEST KNAUFFT,

Director of the Chautauqua Society of Fine Arts.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

Full of instruction in illustrating, drawing, sketching from nature. Fac-similes of sketches by the great masters of drawing:

MEISSONIER,

GEROME,

HERKOMER,

VIERGE,

MENZEL,

FRANK FOWLER,

IRVING R. WILES,

ALBERT E. STERNER,

E. W. KEMBLE,

WM. J. BAER,

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT,

CHAS. KEENE,

CARL MARR,

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON,

ROBIDA,

SIMONETTI,

BOUTET De MONREL,

MADRAZO,

MANET,

JEANNIOT,

JACQUE,

WALTER CRANE,

GEO. H. BOUGHTON,

And all the modern illustrators.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., May 18.

I received the bound volume of THE ART STUDENT, and am very much pleased with it indeed. *I wouldn't part with it for double the price.* It is just what I wanted and needed.

W. W.

Vol. I (first six months), bound, a text-book for the beginner, and six back numbers of Vols. II and IV and one year's subscription from August, 1894, all for \$2.00. Or fourteen back numbers and one year's subscription from August, \$2.00.

Address 132 W. 23d STREET, NEW YORK.

SUMMER READING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND LLOYD OSBOURNE

THE EBB-TIDE, a Story of Adventure in the South Seas.
16mo, 200 pages. Cloth. \$1.25.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE HOLY CROSS AND OTHER TALES. With decorations by L. J. Rhead. 2d edition. 16mo, 192 pages. Cloth. \$1.25.

In some of his more serious work Mr. Field reminds one of certain French writers of short stories,—of Coppée frequently, and sometimes even of Maupassant.—*The Critic*.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS. Six Stories of the Mississippi Valley. New edition, with an introduction by W. D. Howells. Illustrated. 16mo, 252 pages. Buckram. \$1.25.

Mr. Hamlin Garland's name is new, but his work is finished of its kind. He is a realist. His stories are all of the Mississippi valley, but full of variety. They are fit to rank with the best continental work of the kind.—*New York Tribune*.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL. A Romance. 2d edition. 16mo, 192 pages. Cloth. \$1.50.

It is one of the most powerful prose poems of our times, and alone would give the author a permanent place in literature.—*The Arena*.

LYNN R. MEEKINS.

THE ROBB'S ISLAND WRECK AND OTHER SHORT STORIES. 16mo, 192 pages. Cloth. \$1.00.

This is one of the daintiest, brightest story books of the year.
—*Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

LOUISE TAYLOR.

HIS BROKEN SWORD. A Novel. Introduction by Edward Everett Hale. 3d edition. 12mo. Cloth. 355 pages. \$1.25.

It is a book of unusual merit and interest throughout, written with an evident but very noble purpose, . . . devoid of all cant and sentimentality, and a worthy contribution to modern fiction.—*Open Court*, Chicago.

NORMAN GALE.

A JUNE ROMANCE. 2d edition. 16mo. \$1.00. The first edition, although issued in 1892, is already one of the scarcest and most valuable of recent publications.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

PLAYS: An Unhistorical Pastoral; A Romantic Farce; Bruce, a Chronicle Play; Smith, a Tragic Farce; Scaramouch in Naxos, a Pantomime. With frontispiece and cover design by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Small 4to, 294 pages. Cloth. \$2.00.

Published by STONE & KIMBALL, Cambridge and Chicago.

Press of Graves & Henry, Cambridge